



A Thousand Doors



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Chapter 1 by Cora Aquila

If you could open a door to another world, would you enter it?

Chapter 2 by Sanchit Jain



Alex never thought she would be asked a question like this for the job interview. And that too, no ordinary interview. It was the post of a senior manager that was at stake. She was wondering how this question was relevant to her job profile. Did it have anything to do with the 'Kids' Division, that the company was planning to start? She didn't know. But, she would have to answer this one now, she couldn't take forever to answer.

Chapter 3 by intellikat



"As a real people-person, I would most definitely make a considered choice that would most benefit my employers and our shareholders," she said, making firm eye contact.

Chapter 4 by intellikat



The interviewer looked at Alex as if she were America's Next Best Idiot, but then his face broke into a wide grin.

"I have a feeling you're going to fit in just right here at United Plexiglas Products. Welcome to the team."

The man stood, straightening his tie, and extended his hand.

The position starts for you on Monday.

Chapter 5 by Telusko

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The wait for Monday was long and full of stress. But one thing stuck in Alex's mind why ask about doors to other worlds. Alex managed to convince herself this is an unnecessary worry, compared to the importance of getting this job.

Chapter 6 by Ian



Monday came and after a couple of hours of form-filling, earnest health and safety briefings and the industry standard set of excuses for why she won't have a working phone or computer for at least a week, Alex was finally shown into her office - her first ever executive office.

Alex closed the door, strolled over to her executive, high backed black nappa leather swivel chair, sat down and gave a little bounce before twirling all the way around and grinning. "I've made it", she thought, surveying her new estate.

Black and white framed arty photos? Check.

Glass and steel everything? Check.

Fancy Anglepoise lamp? Check.

Little round table in the corner with four smaller leather chairs? Check.

Quarter height carved oak door with a small gaslight above and a small welcome mat in front? Well that's different...

Chapter 7 by intellikat



A voice in Alex's mind spoke.

"Open it. Open that door."

And of course she obeyed.

The tiny door swung open easily, as if the tasteful hinges had been recently oiled, and Alex crouched low enough to sort of shuffle-waddle her way into what appeared an expanding corridor lined with wet rocks and moss. At about every 5 meter interval was a flaming torch recessed into the rock wall, dripping bits of pitch to the damp floor below.

Strange.

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Alex ventured further, keeping low. When she reached a bend in the corridor, she was able to straighten and stand at full height. A bit further along the

way a rusty minecart sat on rails descending into a gloomy tunnel framed by rotting wood, and unsurprisingly she did not hop in and release the brake handle. But just a bit further up was something worth taking note of.

A single Commodore 64 computer sat at a low table. It's green cursor was blinking and the keyboard seemed to beckon. Alex sat in the small school chair before the screen and lifted her fingers about the keyboard.

A small placard beside the computer read: Program Me.

Chapter 8 by Ian



Alex sat down In front of the screen and began to type.

```
If ((door) = "shut", open:door)  
If ((door) = "open", end)  
End
```

Behind the screen, the mossy wall rumbled and then slowly span to reveal an enticing shaft of golden light.

Feeling slightly smug, Alex sauntered through the opening and into a large white room, teeming with what must, at some stage, have been smart young executives in their best office clothes but now ranged from tatty through downright ragged.

A crackling sound and an intercom sprang into life.

"Wrong answer", boomed the unmistakable voice of the interviewer as the door rumbled to a close.

Seconds later, up on the top floor, Miss Smith's phone buzzed.

"Can you send in the next candidate please, Miss Smith?"

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